

North Brackfield February the 15. 1844

Dear Cousin

It's With a Pleasure that I ^{can} write a few lines to you
Whilst we are so far & I fear that we can only
Inter with a pen when we want to hear from each
I note that I ^{could} be with you David Combes
with you You must write to me When Uncle
Whiting comes Down I am to School to Day
and All my Brothers
They are All Well Only David has got the whooping
Cough Father and Mamma are Well Give my love to
Goswamm Give my love to Sarah and to Anna Whiting
Lisa Whiting to Hannah Whiting

Soon as the evening shades ^{fall} Oft pining eyes in rich ^{che} bower
The moon takes up the wondrous tale
and nightly to the listening earth
repeats the story of the birth
Dress and Diamonds glitter
on an anxious

a Mrs

Elannah Whiting Of

~~Elannah Whiting~~

Hingham

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